

DAILY
LOVE
STORY.

A SUMMER IDYL.

By S. B. KENNEDY.

Copyright, 1901, by Daily-Warner Publishing Co.
FROM shining sea up to the blue sky reaches a man may come to happiness and then miss it—dragged back by some dread destiny! Fate seems to have set me up as a target for her mockery. She puts an ignis fatuus beside my path and then gives it a because I follow it. It is gone now—every ray of light has disappeared, and I am in the dark. But, thank heaven! I am alone; your clearer vision never saw the light, never followed it.

"It is strange," he said presently in a tone that was new to her. "It is strange how near a man may come to happiness and then miss it—dragged back by some dread destiny! Fate seems to have set me up as a target for her mockery. She puts an ignis fatuus beside my path and then gives it a because I follow it. It is gone now—every ray of light has disappeared, and I am in the dark. But, thank heaven! I am alone; your clearer vision never saw the light, never followed it."

He sprang up, making the boat in which they sat career and sending the green water splashing over the side. Then suddenly the eyes met, and he knew that he was not alone in the dark. That she, too, had seen the light, real or ignis fatuus, that had shone upon his path. With a great, glad cry he stretched out his arms to her.

"Donna, Donna!"

Then, as she reached up her hands to meet his, he as suddenly flung them away. Then he took her hands fiercely in his strong grasp.

"Listen. You are pure and true, you shall judge for me—which should a man follow, the call of his heart or the call of his honor? Which should he choose, an honorable hell or a sullied heaven?"

She lifted her terrified eyes to his. "If it is sullied it is not a heaven, if it is honorable it cannot be altogether a hell."

At the pier Baxter stepped out and extended his hand, his face drawn and haggard.

"It is good-by," he said, as she stood beside him. "I shall not see you again—I dare not!"

A year went by and in her own home Donna found no solution of the summer idyl that started in comedy and ended in tragedy. Then one day there came a letter from an old school friend.

"They are going to marry me off on the 15th, not to the man I love, but to him to whom my promise was given when I was only a child of sixteen. My father says I am in honor bound to hold to my engagement, so he has arranged the date. Come and assist at the sacrifice. Yours, STELLA."

Donna packed her trunk and on the afternoon of the 15th reached her friend's home. Stella was in a highly nervous state.

Pushing her friend into the library, Stella said:

"Baxter, this is Donna; entertain her for a few minutes," then hastily followed the maid down the hall.

With eyes wide and pitiful Donna studied herself against a chair.

"You!" she cried. And a voice that must ever bring back to her the shine of the sea, the lap of the waves, repeated her question: "You!"

"Stella never told me your name," she faltered.

"And I never thought to ask yours; it seemed of no consequence."

Stella's room was empty next morning, and a note on the hall table told how she had chosen for a husband a man she loved and had died with him in the night.

Donna and Baxter met again that day.

"First let me tell you," Baxter said softly. "That I had not seen her in two years—she had travelled abroad—and so I knew nothing of her love for this other man. My mother, who saw her frequently, thought her devoted to me, and I took her estimate. In the second place, I have come to think that in following her heart Stella followed also her honor, for surely it is better to break an unwise promise to marry a man than to stand in the presence of God and men and swear a false oath to love him."

And with her hand in his she went away down the golden reaches of the beach.

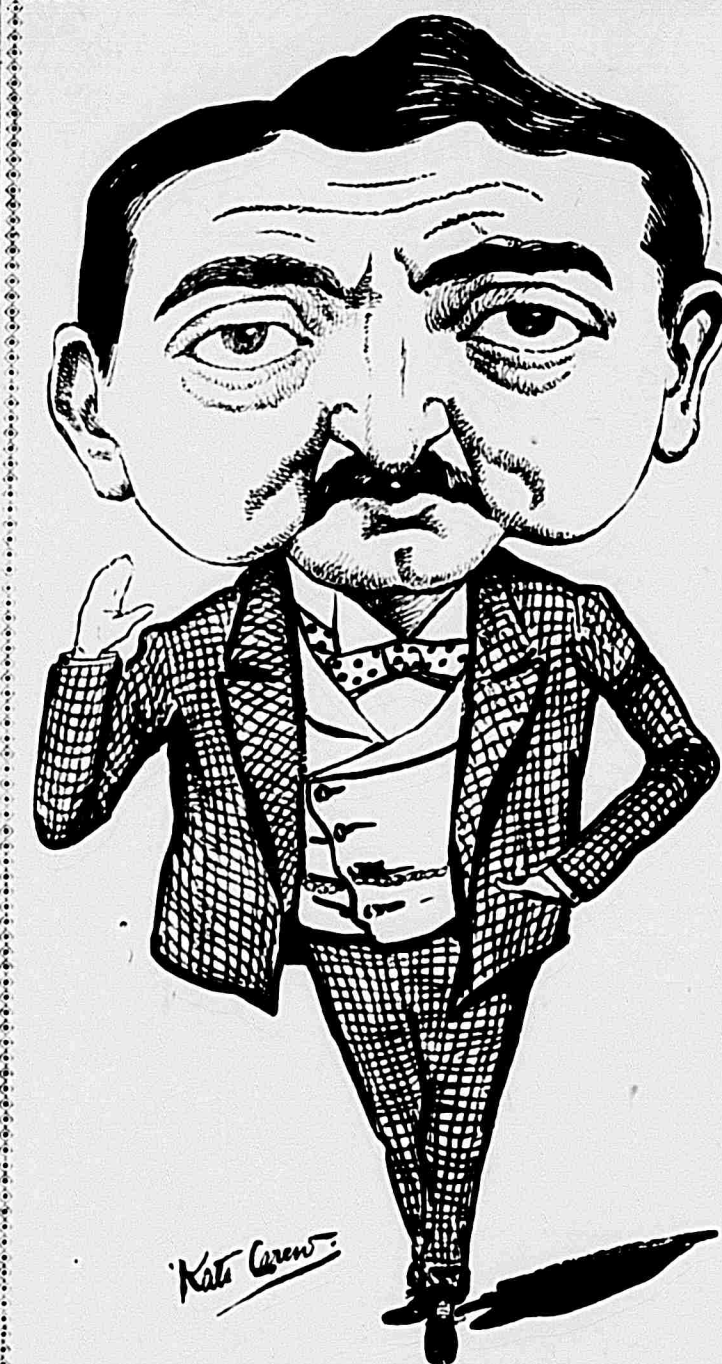
FOR HOME
DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily
Fashion Hint.

To cut these drawers for a man of medium size 3 1/4 yards of material 26 inches wide or 4 yards 27 inches wide will be required.

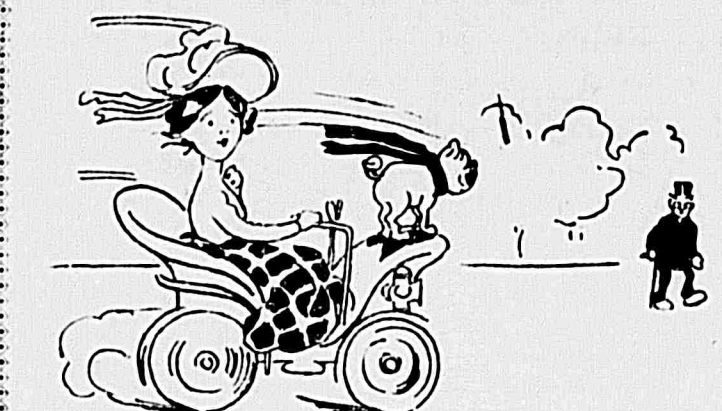
The makers (L&W, sizes 32 to 44 waist) make them for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cassier, The World, 100 Broadway, New York City."

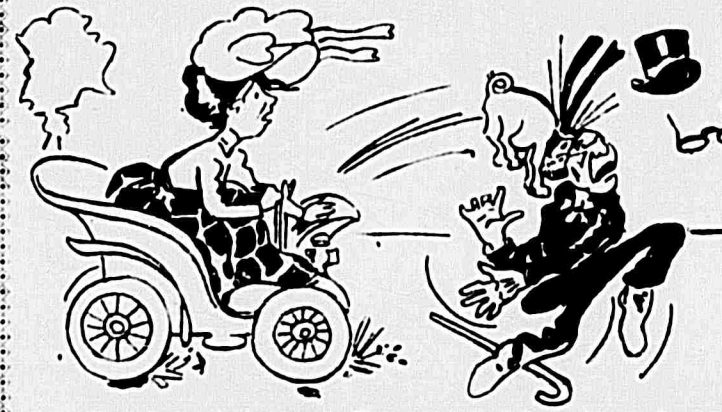
KATE CAREW ABROAD.
CECIL HAS NOTHING TO SAY.

Cecil Rhodes, the king of diamonds—"knave of diamonds," the pro-Boers call him—has just arrived in England "on private business," and I have essayed to portray him in the act of refusing to be interviewed. Nobody seems to be mightily excited over his presence in England. In truth, Mr. Rhodes appears to have shrunk considerably in importance. Where now are his dreams of an African empire, where the Cape to Cairo Railway? Mr. Rhodes may know, but he won't tell.

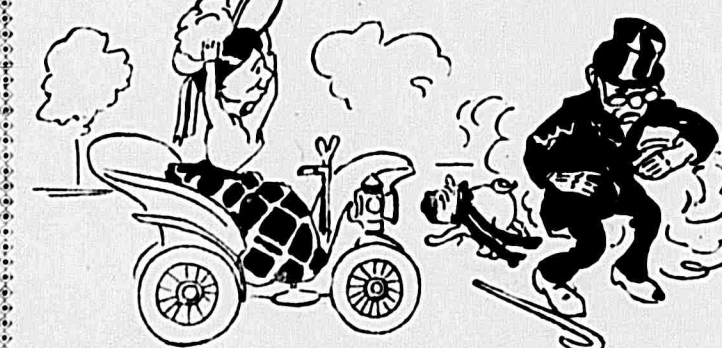
AN EXPERT.



Miss Swift—I wouldn't hurt anybody for the world. I'm so glad I can stop my auto instantly.



"Oh, what a lucky stop! I've saved that dear old gentleman's life!"



The Dear Old Gentleman—Next time, miss, just run over me quietly and keep that chunky car where he belongs, please!

LOVERS' TROUBLES

A Thrifty Young Man.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a young man and have been keeping company with a young lady for the past three years. I am earning \$11 a week at the present time. Would you advise me to get married? I have about \$500 saved up.

FRANK.

The Evening World.

VOL. 42. NO. 14,593.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, 35 to 42 PARK ROW, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.

NO. 300 MULBERRY STREET—
ITS PAST AND ITS PRESENT.

Commissioner Murphy wishes to move from No. 300 Mulberry street. It is true that the building is too old and too small and too far downtown. But there is another reason which might well arouse the sentiment for removal.

No. 300 Mulberry street—built in 1863—was "the scene of the organization of the police force that was and deserved the name 'the finest.'"

It was "the finest"—in discipline, in efficiency, in appearance. It was not perfect. On the contrary, it was sadly imperfect. The seeds of corruption, the seeds of decay, were in it from the beginning. The men who made it so good in so many ways were the very men who also organized and perfected the blackmailing system, including the shameful copartnership between the police and criminal vice.

But at least life and property were safe under "the finest." And the strong, if corrupt, hands of the leaders of the force restrained the elements which they corruptly tolerated.

But when the decline became visible—about 1896—it also became swift.

To-day No. 300 Mulberry street is the centre and disseminator of laziness, corruption, contempt for all the right standards of police duty. And the once superb detective branch, the pride of New York, has become feeble and almost ridiculous.

Why? Because the men in control seized this once splendid instrument of law and order for the sole purpose of using it to further the ends of government for what Mr. Oraker frankly described as "my own pocket all the time."

And the spectacle of highly placed and highly organized rottenness has incited every corrupt man to "do business" on his own account wherever possible, has made the indifferent lax and lazy, has frightened the honest into standing prudently aloof.

In yesterday's news we had Bissert boasting that he was "no squealer"—giving as his idea of the standard of police honor under Murphy and Devery a refusal to "peach" on his fellow-criminals of the force; and we also had the District-Attorney saying that his activities against blackmailers had set the Police Department to shadowing his every move!

No. 300 Mulberry street has run the complete gamut—rise, glory, fall. It is time to move—and start afresh.

THE TEST OF LEADERSHIP.

If this strike comes the great point will be leadership. And the great problem for the leaders on either side will be how to win public sympathy.

If public sympathy should be with the Steel Trust, there would obviously be no hope for the strikers. The same causes which set public sympathy would operate to discourage them.

If public sentiment should be divided or aloof, that would operate more strongly against the strikers than against the trust.

Therefore it is vital to the success of Shaffer's leadership that he move public sympathy actively, positively, clearly to his side and against the side of the opposing leader, Morgan.

Leader Shaffer has thus far made only one direct appeal for public support—his "call" to his followers to strike. The effect of that appeal—whether it has "fired the popular heart" and warmed his followers to enthusiasm or has fallen upon indifferent or reluctant ears—is the point to study if you wish to get an idea of the prospects of the strike and the policy of declaring it.

Has Leader Shaffer scored? Or has Leader Morgan, still silent, scored upon Leader Shaffer's move?

THE CONEY ISLAND PARK.

There is to be a park at Coney Island; that is settled. But differences as to details may delay it.

Commissioner Brower—an enthusiast, as any man in his place should be—wants to spend a quarter of a million dollars and erect pavilions, a great public bathing-house and a laundry where bathing-suits may be washed. "It is useless," says he, "to put a few chairs out there and call it a park."

Not so. Put out a great many chairs and let the people on the land, and a park it will be. Nature will make it one by tinting the sky and bidding the sea roll past.

The great bathing-place is a splendid plan. The city needs it and must have it. But it can be built after the park is in use.

Mr. Guggenheimer and Mr. Coler are right in insisting that the park should be opened promptly and at slight expense.

LOVERS' TROUBLES CAREFULLY CONSIDERED BY

A Very Thrifty Young Man.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have kept company with the same girl for two years and grew so attached to her that if we should part it would be my ruin. I proposed to her last week and she named the day that would make me the happiest man in the world. But owing to some financial trouble I

not your friends at all, or they would not repeat such idle gossip to annoy you.

I do not think you are in love with this young man.

You simply are flattered by his attentions and imagine that you have lost your heart. Be a sensible girl and forget him.

Makes and Breaks Dates.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am deeply in love with a fellow. He makes engagements with me, but never keeps them. I have asked him to come to the house, but he has never come. He has often asked me to visit his house. When I meet him he speaks to

me and sometimes walks home with me. Do you think he loves me?

BROKEN HEART.

As you have asked my opinion I give it frankly. I think the young man is a cad, and you are a very foolish girl to put up with his nonsense.

I assume that you know it is not proper for young girls to visit the homes of young men, and I wish you would realize that making engagements for meetings on the street is a vulgar form of acquaintanceship.

A young man who does not realize the privilege you offer him in inviting him to your house and does not accept the offer is not worth bothering about. Get

him gone.

And you away.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?

And you away, my dear.

With the sign and the falling tear: What can the green world sing or say.

And you away—away?